A PANEGYRICK ON THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES, And Congratulating His RETURN FROM SCOTLAND.

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A PANEGYRICK ON THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES.

WHen the Most High Eternal Son of God
Through fam'd *Judea* in Procession rode,
The Loyal *Publican*, with zealous hast,
Clim'b up a Tree to view him as he past,
And with a look that did his Joy relate.
The Mighty Saviour did congratulate:
So 'mongst the Crowds that with Impatience strove
T' express their Fealty and faithful Love,
I and my throbbing heart with equal flames
Panted and prest to greet the Godlike *JAMES*.
Welcome then, Mighty SIR; welcome as Peace
To conquer'd Nations, or to sick Men Ease;
Welcome, as what you bring us, *Loyalty*,
A fruit which in our Isle we rarely see:
In th' barren North it blooms, to Storms expos'd;
But in our Sunny Climate never grows:
Here fertile Nature makes the Commons Kings,
And from her fatness rank Rebellion springs:
Dam'd lust of English-men, that ne're repented
Their Treasons, nor with Blessings were contented.

Black was the Day, and blasted was the Year,
When the curst Factious, full of wretched fear,
Sought the *true* Heir of *England* to exclude,
Only because He was too *great*, and *good*,
Two Epithetes that never yet could suit
The sordid Mind of your true English Brute:
Loud Tempest roar'd, as if design'd to cross
The Royal Mandate, and not let Him pass,
Whilst weeping Showers seem'd to mourn our loss:
And as each Element then bore a part
In grief, even so did every Honest Heart.
But now the happy hours are doubly bless't,
The Land with the full Store of Heaven possess't;
The Season smiles, and each propitious Ray
For His return their secret Joy display;
The flowers that did in private Closets keep,
And during th' Winter of His Absence sleep,
Bloom out, and a gay fragant Robe put on,
To bless and welcome in the RISING SUN;
*Lætamur** is the Word, a word which late
As mighty Hopes, did mighty Joy create,
When the fam'd *Motto* with applause was put
To the Effigie of the *Grand Patriot*,
Neareſt their hearts, where late their *Georges* hung,
The pale-fac't Medall with its Silver tongue
Was plac't, whilst every Wearer still expresst
His Joy to harbour there so fam'd a Guest.
The Wretch that stampt it got immortal fame;
'Twas coyn'd by stealth, like Groats at *Brumicham*;

* *The Motto of the Medal.*

Whilst

Whilst each Possessour with exalted voice
Cryes, *England's sav'd, and now Let us Rejoyce.*
But though Seditious Tenets they pursue,
We have a Cause of joy solid and true
And therefore let us cry *Laetamur* too.
For Mighty *YORK'S* return'd, return'd to Raign
O're hearts, and move in His Great Sphere again:
'Tis in his Face you see the RISING SUN,
T'other's a Comet blazing O're the Town,
Portending Mischiefs seeming to explain
The *former* Tragick Scene design'd *again.*
Fly then ye Loyal Natives, fly with zeal,
Embrace His Knees, and your true Joy reveal;
Prove your affection to your Injur'd Prince,
Give him your Hearts, for you had his long since:
Give Him your Hearts, oppose the Rebel Power,
And never part with your Lov'd HEROE more.

And hail Bright PRINCESS, best of thy fair Kind,
An Angel's Body with an Angel's Mind,
Beauteous as are the Virgin Saints above,
That sit and smile on the right hand of *Jove,*
And good, as the first state Heav'n form'd 'em in,
E're that Angelick Sex knew how to sin,
How when She comes shall we our crimes attone?
How shall we meet the Justice of her Frown,
That doing no offence was forc't away,
With Her dear Lord, a cruel Fate t' obey,
And Sacrifice Her Joy, Her Peace and Fame,
To a curst Branded thing without a Name?

Down her fair face the liquid Treaſures rowld;
Then taking on her ROYAL PARTNER hold,
England farewell, She cry'd, *thou hated ſhore*,
And may I never ſee thy baſeneſs more!
But ſhe comes back, and nobly may deſpiſe
The Pigmy Malice of her Enemies;
Diſdain and Anger in Her forehead ſit,
Yet both ſo calm'd and temper'd by Her wit,
That with a modeſt ſmile She ſtrives t'oppoſe
Revenge, and onely pities all her foes.
Return then and forgive, and may Your *Name*
Charm the wide Globe, as does your HEROES *Fame*:
Long may ye love, and ſtill may ye appear
Teeming, as to our joy you prove this Year.
Your Pregnant Veins are framing wondrous things,
Oh glorious Paſſion that creates young Kings!
The Illuſtrious Infant ſtruggles in the Womb,
As if he knew his Royal fate to come,
And ſilently mourns, that ſo long a ſpace
'Twill be, e're he begins his Glorious Race:
But when as the Divineſt Gift of Heaven,
The *Princely Babe* is for our Comfort given,
May every heart conſpire with every tongue
T' implore his years may be renown'd and long,
That he may merit his brave Fathers Name
And Rival Vertue with his Mothers Fame.
Methinks I ſee our great AUGUSTUS ſtand,
With the fair PRINCESS ſmiling in His Hand,
High Grandeur mixt With Joy adorns His Face,
Whilſt bluſhing Duty Hers does ſweetly grace:

Their

Their Eyes are fixt and mingling Glories ſeem,
Like the Sun's Rayes Reflecting on a Jem;
His Awfull Light then on His BROTHER ſhines,
Who with a ſilent Modeſty inclines
To hear his welcome, and with humble grace
Fixing His Eyes upon His Monarch's Face,
His willing Knees with Loyal duty bend
To His dear *King*, His *Brother*, and His *Friend*,
Who in His Arms do's the Lov'd Favourite hold,
And ſpeaks a gracious welcome from His ſoul.
Thrice happy *Scotland*, well didſt thou begin
To make attonement for thy former ſin,
When thou with Joy a Vertue didſt Embrace:
By brooding Factions driven from this place,
Well was the much-wrong'd *Prince* receiv'd by thee,
And well haſt thou reform'd thy Loyalty:
Yet to His Goodneſs thou thy Fame do'ſt owe,
For thou hadſt faithleſs bin had he been ſo:
But as the *Thracian* Bard, with charming ſtrains,
Drew the Wild Savages from Woods and Plains,
Controll'd their Britiſh Rage where e're he came,
And made the fierceſt Bears and Tigers tame;
So Mighty Prince Thy Vertue did oppoſe
The cloſe deſigns and Malice of thy Foes,
And made a Nation, fam'd for Treachery,
Bow to thy Loyal Principles and Thee,
Whilſt *England*'s left with its *King-killing* Race,
A Neſt of Rebels, as it ever was.

FINIS.